THE

Pacifick FLEET:

A

New BALLAD.

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JUN

A

New BALLAD.

GOOD People, give Ear, and I'll tell you a Story
Will tickle your Ears, if you wiſh *Britain*'s Glory;
For in Rhyme ſure the like was ne'er yet laid before ye,
Which no body can deny.

The *Spaniards* of late ſo haughty are grown
They pretend both our Towns and our Ships are their own,
And the latter they take ſtill, 'tis very well known,
Which no body can deny.

Hereupon we ſent Word, they wou'd find it their beſt,
To give over thoſe Pranks, for we lik'd not the Jeſt,
And they gravely reply'd, *They wou'd weigh our Requeſt,*
Which no body can deny.

But ſtill they went on, highly pleas'd with the Joke,
Our Traders were taken, our Merchants were broke,
Reſolv'd if they cou'd, our ſtern Wrath to provoke,
Which no body can deny.

So our Wrath was provok'd, and our Rage was ſo great,
That a Fleet was equipp'd thoſe proud *Spaniards* to beat,
And we ſent for *Dutch* Help in a violent Heat,
Which no body can deny.

So

So the *Dutch* came to help us with Twelve Men of War
(For the *Dutch* like the Devil Injuſtice abhor)
And they knew that the *Spaniards* had not plaid us fair,
Which no body can deny.

So to *Spithead* they went, and at *Spithead* have lain,
But deſign very ſoon for to ſcowre out the Main,
To retrieve us our Honour, and humble proud *Spain*,
Which no body can deny.

But when to this Purpoſe theſe Fleets are to *Weigh*,
I believe yet no *Briton* will venture to ſay,
But this I am ſure, they will ſail, when they *may*,
Which no body can deny.

But in the mean time, as in Line they are laid,
Moſt wiſely they are of a double Uſe made,
To our Nobles Diverſion, to our Foes they give Dread,
Which no body can deny.

For the Gentry all round, and Nobility too,
To *Portſmouth* ride Poſt this *Armada* to view,
As the firſt *Engliſh* Fleet was ſet out for a Shew,
Which no body can deny.

But as *France* will not bear Chriſtian Blood to be ſhed,
Notwithſtanding a *WAGER* himſelf's at the Head,
Fat Bucks in great Numbers have bled in their ſtead,
Which no body can deny.

For the Cardinal thinks the ſame End we fulfill,
If we bear the Expence, tho' the Fleet does lie ſtill,
For we ſo frighten *Spain*, they will do what we will,
Which no body can deny.

So the Fleet lyes at Anchor, the Chaplains read Pray'rs,
The Ladies are learning our Tarpawling Airs,
And each Cook for each Day ſome new Diſhes prepares,
Which no body can deny.

The Treats are of Ven'ſon, of Rack, Punch and Jelly,
Chaire entiere have the Ladies, as ſome People tell ye,
And few will return without *Tarr* in their Belly,
Which no body can deny.

So ſail when they will, they will leave us at Home
A Brood of young Sailors for Ages to come,
Who will liſt Voluntiers at the Sound of a Drum,
Which no body can deny.

On this Score alone the Expence were well made,
For Sailors are wanting both for War and for Trade;
So the Scheme for the Publick was very well laid,
Which no body can deny.

F I N I S.